

## lotus (bloom)

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## lotus (bloom)

by [stardustbytes](#)

### Summary

Drift slips away to take a few moments to himself -- but he isn't alone for long.

### Notes

\*coughs\* well, here we are again

after LL 22 was released, I lost count of how many separate people tweeted or DM'd me to ask how I'm still alive

the answer is that I immediately started writing this indulgent softgay thing

please... take it off my hands...

For the moment, there was nothing to do but wait, and Drift wasn't good at that. He still ached, still refused to think of how close he'd been, once more, to simply fading away... and, restless, he'd gone wandering.

It was strange, exploring this counterpart to the *Lost Light*; the halls were the same, different – haunting and familiar. No *Swerve's*, no “*Visages*”, but the layout was ultimately the same.

When Drift brought his mind back from autopilot, he found he was standing at the door to his hab. Well, it wasn't really, but on the *Lost Light* it was. On the *Last Light*... it didn't appear to be occupied. Drift let himself in. Why not?

It was barren, but for the berth and built-in shelves, but Drift wasn't sure he should've expected anything else. The *Last Light* didn't appear as populated as the *Lost Light*. He walked around, tracing his hand over those shelves, picturing the datapads he'd stored here, his sword rack in one corner, altar in another...

But eventually he climbed onto the berth, scooting his back against the wall at the head of it. Meditation was beyond him, but the quiet was nice. Soothing on his frayed senses.

He wasn't sure how long he was there – he might have even dozed, he was unsure. Just that his spark twinged and he was wakeful again. And then something bizarre happened.

There was a knock at the door.

Was he recharging after all? He sat up, winced as he felt the patch on his chest pinch – he was awake alright. Which meant someone *was* knocking on the door, and was doing it again.

Suddenly he felt an awkward burble in his tanks. What if this room wasn't so abandoned after all? Where was his mind at, really? He couldn't –

“Drift?”

Even muffled on the other side of the door, there was no mistaking Megatron's voice. Drift sat up straighter, rubbing at his face. “Uh... come in?”

The door open promptly when he spoke, and Megatron slipped in the room, glancing around it before looking back at Drift. The swordsmech shrugged, feeling almost sheepish now. “Uh, on the *Lost Light*, this – ”

“ – is your room. I know.” Megatron looked around again. “Rodimus had it kept how you left it, locked away.” Drift must have made a face, because the mech snorted in amusement before adding, “I didn’t go in there. I just know what he told me. May I?” He gestured at the berth.

Drift blinked. “Sure,” he said, watching Megatron closely. The larger mech seated himself, staying as respectful a distance as he could, given both his size and the limitations of the berth. Megatron paused, seemed to be gathering his thoughts, but Drift found he couldn’t stop words tumbling from his mouth. “Did you follow me here?” Mostly curiosity, not suspicion, but still – Drift was usually pretty good at slipping away while others were distracted.

Megatron tilted his head, looking amused by him again. “Not exactly,” he said. “I wanted to check on you. There was only one signal away from all the rest, so I followed it.”

“And you knew that was me?”

Megatron raised an orbital ridge. “Was I supposed to think otherwise?”

Drift made another face. “Am I that predictable?”

Warmth threaded through his field as Megatron smiled. “No, I just know you.”

This was too easy – to return the smile, to feel a pulse of warm familiarity and nostalgia alongside the occasional ache deep in his chassis – but Drift shifted in his seat as though discomfited. “I’m different than I was,” he said.

“I know,” Megatron said. Drift suddenly felt Megatron’s EM field, flowing into the space between them when it had been so tight to his plating before... much like Drift’s usually was. But his spark was still tender enough that he didn’t feel like trying to manipulate his own too much. The brush of their fields together was surprisingly soothing. “Some... quirks remain, however. You’re different, but you’re also still you.”

Drift grunted. “And the same for you, I suppose.”

A brief smirk crossed Megatron’s lips. “I believe so.”

Drift was quiet for a moment before he sighed once more. "Don't take this the wrong way," he said. "But why are you here?"

Megatron tilted his head. "I thought I already answered that one."

Drift gave him a significant look. "If you're saying things like I'm still me, then you know that I'm fine. And *I* still know *you* well enough to sniff out when you're using a nice, maybe even genuine, excuse to be here."

Another strange look came over Megatron's face before he snorted again. "So this works both ways, is what you're really saying."

Drift spread his hands in a vague, encompassing gesture.

"Well, I *did* want to check on you. I know that you are in good health, but that doesn't always equate to *being fine*. Also, I'm aware of how fast everything must be from your perspective. I thought I would take this opportunity to *actually* talk, should you want to. If you recall, I — "

"I remember," Drift said softly. Not too long ago, his entire existence had shattered into agony and darkness and cold numbness; how was he to forget the only source of warmth? Megatron's hands, keeping him together. Megatron's voice, calling him back. "You were right, we've both been too busy." He peered up at the mech, a whimsical smile on his lips. "And not that I don't... appreciate the gesture, but even though we're biding our time with everything else" – here he gestured towards the hull side of the room, indicating what lay beyond – "I still don't know if this is the best time to attempt the sort of conversation you're talking about..."

But then, he knew, it might be their *only* opportunity, given the stakes. Given how close he'd been to gone already.

A cold shiver crept up his back from the base of his spinal strut. He winced as it passed, lifting a hand over the patched blast hole. Megatron quickly leaned in, reaching out for Drift's shoulder. "Are you okay?"

Drift frowned but he didn't shrug off Megatron's touch. The large hand over his own was as comforting as the steady roll of his field around them. "Just sore," he replied.

Megatron watched him another moment. "May I look?"

Drift glanced at him curiously, but he slipped his own hands away to fold into his lap, nodding in lieu of speaking.

Megatron remained silent as his fingertips traced over the patched area of his plating, drawing another grimace from Drift's features. The patch was near invisible, which was incredible for a quick patch – at least, that was the case in Drift's experience. But though it was sore, Megatron's touch was gentle... and whatever else was between them, this Megatron, the one who had soothed him back into his frame – Drift trusted.

Then Megatron tilted his hand, thumb tracing along the hidden seam which would open to his spark chamber. "Could I check? Just to be sure?"

Drift swallowed. Typically, he was hesitant at best to bare his spark. It was often a point of ire for Ratchet, when the medic cornered him for diagnostics. But hours ago, Megatron had carried him through the cold and the dark. And long before that, there had been the Rite...

Drift shuttered his optics, finding he didn't know how to reply other than to let his plating part along that seam. Golden light suffused the room and Megatron's plating as the pulse of his spark opened to him.

There was a look on Megatron's features that might have been hard to place if not for the cues in his field — fondness. "Thank you," he said softly. And, very gently, he slipped his questing fingers into Drift's spark chamber. "I don't have the diagnostic hook-ups a medic would; it's easier for me to tell by touch. I just want to make sure the laser core is healing and not melting. There was a lot of scorching — "

Drift peered down in alarm. "I don't *feel* like my core is *melting*," he said quickly.

Megatron hummed. "That's good. And everything feels solid, which is also good... but keep alert to your auto-repair diagnostics. Sometimes with a traumatic injury and a lot of extra energy in the chamber... Well, it can be unpredictable."

That was reassuring.

But it didn't help that he was trying not to squirm from the peculiar sensation of Megatron's fingertips probing around his spark chamber. Drift bit his lip, trying to concentrate on sitting still — though it wasn't for long. Apparently satisfied, Megatron began to withdraw his hand.

“Where did you learn — ” Drift's words were cut short by a gasp; surprised pleasure radiated through his frame from his spark chamber, where Megatron's large fingers had accidentally brushed the more sensitive casing.

“Sorry — ”

Drift could feel a prickle of embarrassment in the roil of their fields. On instinct, he grasped Megatron's wrist, keeping his hand in the chamber. His spark fluttered and he could *taste* the mech's fingers so near its corona. He swallowed again, but his hand was steady on Megatron's wrist. “Don't — can you... keep doing that?”

Now the embarrassed flickers in the EM mass surrounding them were from Drift, but they were eclipsed with wonder and a soft tinge of desire from the larger mech.

“Drift... Are you sure?”

Another tremor went through his frame. “Yes,” he said, almost plaintive. Any other associations to this sort of vulnerability faded under the peace and security that had been Megatron holding him together. It chased that chill back out of his frame as he grasped at Megatron's shoulders; Drift wanted *more*.

Megatron hesitated a moment, so as if to encourage him, Drift leaned his weight back and hooked one of his legs around Megatron's waist. And though Megatron could easily hold his weight, he gently lowered Drift to the berth his gaze intent... but soft. He ran his fingertips near reverently over Drift's spark casing, encouraging Drift's other leg around his waist. Drift arched off the berth with another gasp of pleasure.

The fact was, the incidental scrape of plating on their legs or pelvic spans seemed far more suggestive than the careful exploration Megatron undertook of his spark chamber. Light caresses on the walls and laser core still sent a cloud of charge through his field – warm, but not at all desperate or needy. And when Megatron leaned down to capture his lips in a kiss, Drift thought his spark might burst right there in the mech's palm.

Drift let out a soft noise into the kiss, his optics shuttered and his fingertips trembling on Megatron's shoulderplates. At least, until Megatron plucked one of his hands away with his free hand. Drift was too absorbed in the kiss to break away for a curious glance, but all Megatron did was twine their fingers and let their joined hands rest on the berth.

Now he felt Megatron's touch on his spark casing again, prompting a soft gasp. He squirmed, a secondary tremor rustling his plating as the motion had their plating rasping together again. Drift squeezed his legs around Megatron's frame, letting out a hot burst of air from his vents as more pleasure suffused his frame.

"Megatron..." he murmured; their lips were close enough together that they still brushed when he spoke. It sent another wave of sensation through his circuits.

Megatron looked as though he were about to speak, but then he paused. Drift felt his fingertips follow a line in his spark casing, tracing it all the way to a gap. A bright tendril licked at Megatron's finger through it, drawing a deep gasp and shudder from Drift. Megatron took a stuttering intake. "Somehow I didn't think about this in this context," he murmured.

Drift blinked up at him, a strange smile on his lips. "Ratchet's mad I won't let him fill it in." He didn't know what else to say.

"You won't?" Megatron tilted his helm. "Any reason?"

Drift hummed, arching to press his chassis encouragingly into Megatron's touch. "It's as much a part of me as anything else." Megatron was silent for so long Drift was almost concerned. But then he simply squeezed their twined hands and leaned in to kiss Drift again.

And that was it, in the end; none of it required a reply. Words couldn't always convey it all, not even for someone as skilled with them as Megatron. This was enough — it was everything. The soft caresses inside his sparkchamber and the gentle pressure of their lips, the way Megatron's kiss still tasted the same as he remembered and the friction of their plating together... every sensation built into a release that Drift did not fight.

Overload rolled through his frame and the flare of his spark lit up the room like a supernova.

By the time he was cognizant again, Drift found himself resting atop Megatron's broad frame, his chamber closed up again. He felt as though their frames ticked in time. Megatron's hand tracing

down his back was as soothing as being enveloped in his warm field. Drift tilted his helm to peer up at the mech, smiling that he was greeted by a smile.

With some squirming and a little bit of help from Megatron's grasp on his back, Drift wormed his way up to bring his face even with Megatron. "Thank you," he murmured, suddenly feeling flush in remembering his actions. The least he could do was be grateful for Megatron's indulgence.

Megatron tilted his helm. "Thank *you*," he replied.

Drift blinked, resting his chin on Megatron's chestplate. "What for?" he asked. His optics dimmed pleasantly as Megatron's idle caresses over his back reached his helm.

"For sharing that with me," Megatron replied. "For — trusting me with it in the first place."

Another smile crossed his lips as Drift pulled himself forward to seek another kiss from Megatron's lips. The large hand cradling his helm was a marvelous sensation as they chased kiss after kiss, a thrill ricocheting through their fields.

Drift shifted, letting his legs straddle Megatron's frame. Passion was easy to slip back into their contact. They probably shouldn't get too involved; this relative peace was unlikely to last much longer but Drift found it impossible to stop touching Megatron now, unless an outside force or the mech himself made him.

Megatron did not tell him to stop.

Soon enough, Drift trailed his kisses down to Megatron's jaw, enjoying the soft gasps Megatron made at the little nips of his sharp denta. He teased his hands over Megatron's chassis, tracing along new and familiar armor and transformation seams. In fact, he would have leaned back to *see* more of what he was doing, but Megatron held firm to the back of his helm to bring him in for another hungry kiss.

That was fine. Drift could do enough by touch alone – like get his comparatively smaller fingertips into a gap in Megatron's armor plates along his sides. Megatron hissed into their kiss and Drift let his engine rumble in triumph.

Now more of Megatron's charge flecked through their fields, making the excitement and



satisfaction in Drift's own skyrocket. Having Megatron at his mercy in any capacity was intoxicating. Drift nibbled along his lower lip, savoring the uptick in Megatron's vents as his fingertips found some little component and toyed with it.

He hadn't interfaced like this in a long time, but it seemed appropriate. They hadn't been face to face *normally* in a long time, let alone intimately... and they had changed a lot. Not only through personal growth, but very much physically. If they had all the time in the galaxy, Drift knew he could spend too much of it this way, sprawled out atop Megatron's frame and learning its every mystery with his fingertips – and coaxing overload after overload from him.

And, of course a little more on the nose – given the precarious nature of the time they'd stolen away here, there was much less cleanup required this way. Drift's lips curled against Megatron's as he lazily kissed the mech again; given that they got through it all, Drift would like nothing more than to make *more* of a mess. His lips wandered back down to Megatron's jaw, digits playing over Megatron's frame, chasing arcs of charge along his seams and dipping his fingers into kibble.

Megatron's release crested through their entwined fields like a crushing wave, swamping Drift's very joints with an electric wash of heat and pleasure and unmistakable affection. Drift could have been by that, but in the end he wasn't – nor was he surprised to feel the reciprocation rising in his spark and spilling into his own field.

Drift let his hands fall still, back to simply laying upon Megatron's broad frame as the mech panted beneath him, slowly cooling his frame back down. He lifted a hand to cup Drift's helm again, peering up at him with a look that was something like curiosity. "After all this time," he said; it wasn't quite a question, but it could have been.

Drift tilted his helm into Megatron's touch. "Well, why not?" he asked. "Besides, I could say the same of you."

Megatron hummed. "I suppose." He sighed, tracing his fingertips over the finials on Drift's helm. "I *have* missed you."

Drift smiled. "Have you?" he said. "There was no other version of me over there to be an irritation under your plating?"

A long pause, in which Megatron simply kept soothing his fingers over the formations of his helm. "Not that I ever found," he finally said.

Drift hummed, letting his optics shutter slowly. It had been a foolish question, and yet Megatron answered it with more grace than seemed possible. Did either of them have a doubt about how well the mech he'd been before meeting Megatron would survive in a purely Functionist world?

His spark ached strangely, and it didn't have a thing to do with his injury. What good did thinking about this do, though? None at all. All that mattered were the gentle caresses on his helm – and Megatron eventually pulling him closer to brush his lips against the top of Drift's helm in a soft kiss.

"I am glad you are here and that... we can still share this."

Drift smiled before he even opened his optics again. He tilted his helm, letting it rest against Megatron's. "Yeah," he said. "Me too."

They could figure out the rest as they went.

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